

THE ARAUCANIANS.*

IN the year 1849 an expedition was sent out by the United States Government for the purpose of making astronomical and scientific observations in Chili. For three years the members of this expedition were so busily engaged in their calculations that they had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with that southern country. In fact, they were scarcely able, during all the time, to set foot outside of the capital. When their duties drew to a close, Lieutenant Smith, one of their number, asked and obtained permission to make a tour into the interior, with the special purpose of paying a visit to the unconquered Araucanians, perhaps the only tribe of Indians upon our continent who have made any permanently successful opposition to the encroachments of their European invaders.

In January, 1853, our traveler, accompanied by a single attendant, left the City of Concepcion, and set out on his tour, in spite of the kindly warnings of his Chilean friends, who drew fearful pictures of the hardship and perils of a journey to the country of these indomitable savages.



Their first night at Gualqui, gave no very favorable omens of the comfort to be expected on the journey. The *posada* was a cane-built hut, thatched with straw and plastered with mud. It contained two rooms, of which the outer served as a general shop for the sale of the few articles which the tastes of the inhabitants demanded, and their means allowed them to purchase. The inner room, which was devoted to the accommodation of travelers, was a dark hole, of which the door served as well the purpose of a window. The floor was of the solid earth. In one corner was a frame covered with a bull's hide, which was supposed to represent a bed, and this was the sole article of furniture. This poverty of sleeping accommodation may partly be explained by the fact that in this balmy climate travelers usually prefer the Indian mode of sleeping in the open air, wrapped up in their ponchos.

A candle was brought from the shop outside, but a candlestick was a refinement in luxury quite beyond the comprehension of the Chilean who did the honors of the hostelry. But necessity is the mother of invention, and the good dame soon contrived to remedy the deficiency. Giving the candle a gentle inclination to one side, she suffered a torrent of melted tallow to run down; when a smart *dab* of the softened surface against the rough wall, fixed it securely in its place.

It seems to be a general law, all over the world, that the accommodations of an inn shall be in an inverse ratio to the magnificence of the promises of the publican. The sounding flourish of mine host of Gualqui, "Any thing you like, Señores," in reply to a question as to what could be furnished for supper, when closely scrutinized, dwindled down to chicken broth and jerked beef. In answer to a modest query as to the possibility of adding eggs to the bill of fare, it was stated that in this particular locality the articles in question "rode on horse-back." This, which upon the surface appeared to be the announcement of a new fact in natural history, was merely a poetical way of announcing that at Gualqui eggs were scarce and dear.

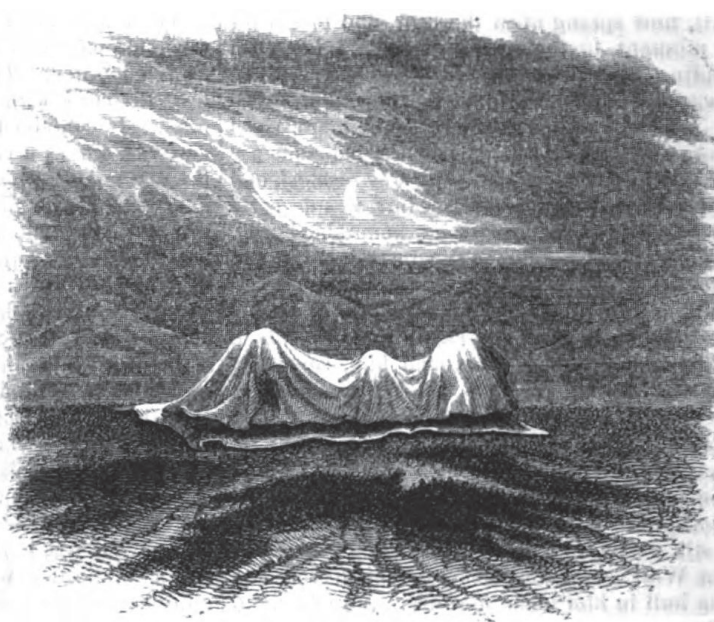
Supper was followed by a dish of *maté*, the South American tea. The venerable dame brought into the room a pan of lighted charcoal, which she kept a-glow by briskly fanning it with a fold of her under, and perhaps only garment. The tea apparatus consisted of a box with two compartments—one containing sugar, and the other holding powdered *maté*, a gourd, and a tin tube with a perforated bulb. A lump of burnt sugar was put into the gourd, followed by a handful of *maté*; boiling water having been poured over them, the tube was introduced. After giving a preparatory suck, to make sure that the hydraulic apparatus was in working order, the dame passed the dish to her principal guest, who was expected, after having himself imbibed, to pass it to his comrades.

Traveling in Chili is much embarrassed by the

* *The Araucanians; or, Notes of a Tour among the Indian Tribes of Southern Chili.* By EDMOND REUEL SMITH, of the U. S. N. Astronomical Expedition in Chili. Harper and Brothers.

peculiarity of the streams to be crossed. Sweeping straight down from the lofty ranges of the Andes, their velocity in the rainy season is so great that to maintain bridges is an affair of no small difficulty. Permanent bridges, in fact, are quite unknown, except in the immediate vicinity of the capital. But a sort of suspension bridge is common. These *puentes de cimbra*, or "shaking bridges," are rudely enough constructed. A narrow place in the stream is selected, and two stout poles are set up on either bank. Two cables made of hide are stretched across from the foot of these posts; these serve as string-pieces. Over the tops of the posts two other cables are extended, the ends of which are firmly secured to the ground at some distance. These are the chains of the suspension bridge, and the upper and lower cables are connected together by ropes of hide. The floor of the bridge consists of canes and brushwood laid transversely across the lower cables.

It is no easy matter to induce a mule to intrust his precious person to one of these frail structures. An infinite number of persuasive arguments, consisting of kicks and poundings, tuggings at the ears, and scientific twistings of the tail, are necessary to overcome the hesitation of the animal. At length the mule, reversing the philosophy of Hamlet, concluding it to be better for him to



INDIAN MODE OF SLEEPING.

— fly toills he knows not of
Than bear with those he has—

cautiously sets foot upon the crazy structure, which sways and trembles beneath him, and if he escapes breaking through the frail flooring, he finds himself, to his astonishment and delight, upon the opposite side of the torrent.

The vehicles encountered upon the road are rude and clumsy. The wheels are solid sections cut off from a tree of the proper size. A couple of saplings, resting upon the axles, protrude behind, and form the foundation of the body; brought together in front they constitute the tongue. The yoke is a rough piece of timber lashed to the horns of the oxen. The bearings are rough, and as they are never greased, the creaking of the machine announces its approach long before it is visible in the distance.

Advancing farther into the country, the absence of inns compelled our traveler to throw himself upon the hospitality of the inhabitants. Sometimes he became the guest of the magistrate, at others he enjoyed the hospitality of the worthy village Padre. The kindness of the good Chilenos was uniformly worthy of all praise. He thus obtained many glimpses of the modes of life and habits of the people.

It is the usual custom in Chili to name a child after the saint upon whose day it first makes its advent into the world, and as a male child is just as apt to

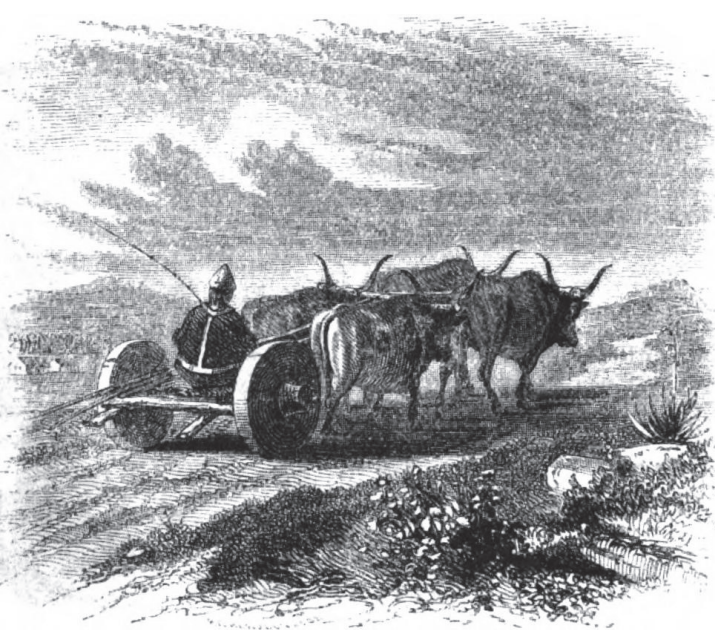


HANGING BRIDGE.

be born upon the day of a female saint, and *vice-versa*, the name of a person affords no indication of sex. Bearded Marias and Theresas, and coquettish Josephs and Pauls abound. As they reckon the day of their patron saint as their birth-day, and as many of the saints' days are movable in the calendar, it often requires some little calculation for a Chileno to know the exact day of his birth.

One day he passed a house in which some kind of a ceremony was going on. He was informed that they were "watching an angel of God." The dwelling was full of people, who were drinking and singing around a kind of altar, upon which was seated what he supposed to be an image. Its face was painted in red and white; the body tricked out with gaudy finery, and adorned with a pair of gauze wings. Close inspection showed that it was the corpse of a child. They were celebrating a Chilian wake. Sometimes the ceremony is kept up, with music, dancing, and drinking, until the body becomes too offensive for endurance.

The Chilian national dance is the *zamacúca*. It is amorous, but by no means necessarily voluptuous in its character. It keeps a firm hold upon the inhabitants of the country, though



CHILIAN CART.

the genteel portion of the residents of the towns affect to consider it "low," and substitute for it dances of European origin. Yet even they are not able wholly to conquer their hereditary fondness for it; and though they commence their balls with the more fashionable polkas and waltzes, these are during the evening superseded by the national *zamacúca*. On one occasion the village Cura, unable to resist its fascinations, and the entreaties of his parishioners, after a little coy delay, tucked up his cassock, and danced away as heartily as the liveliest of his flock.

At the border town of Antuco they fell in with a party of Indians. They were a wild-looking, noisy crew, but withal good-humored and kindly enough. They were Pehuenches from the other side of the mountains, and had come here for the purpose of having a drunken frolic. They would sit for hours together in a circle, passing the jug of liquor from mouth to mouth, while one of them kept up a monotonous harangue, to which the others listened with grunts of approval.

After many pleasant loiterings by the way, they at length reached the confines of the territory of the renowned Araucanians.— Their history and the narrative of their long and successful struggle against the Spaniards has been told in sounding verse



THE ZAMACUCA.



PERUVIAN INDIANS.

by Ercilla, the warrior bard, who composed the poem almost literally sword in hand, writing at night an account of what adventures the day had brought forth. His "Araucania" is beyond doubt the noblest narrative poem—in default of a better, the Spaniards even style it an epic—that has been written in the Castilian tongue.

The proud empire of the Montezumas was speedily conquered by a handful of adventurers; the kingdom of the Peruvian Incas fell at a blow; while the Araucanians maintained for two centuries a fierce contest with the best forces of Spain. Often worsted they were never subdued, and at length, in 1724, they compelled the haughty Spaniards to sue for peace and enter into a treaty by which the independence of Araucania was acknowledged; and it maintains its independence to this day.

Since Ercilla wrote, three centuries ago, little has been known to the world in general of the character and condition of the Araucanians. The worthy Abbé Molina published a history of them toward the close of the last century; but he did little more than transmute Ercilla's sounding verse into very plain prose. A score of years ago, Dr. Pöppig, a scientific German, visited the Araucanians, and published an account of his travels in two ponderous German quartos; but few out of his own country ever read his work. Mr. Smith, therefore, is perhaps the first to give in our language any information respecting the Araucanians, drawn from personal knowledge.

The Araucanians are suspicious of the whites, and allow only traders to visit their country. Upon approaching their boundaries, our author

put himself under the guidance of one Don Pantaleon Sanchez—or, as his name was abbreviated, Don Panta—a Chilean worthy who had often made trading excursions among the Indians, and was ready to set forth again.

In order that he might be sure of an unobstructed passage, it was deemed necessary by Don Panta that our author should manage to secure the friendship of Mañin, the principal chief of the Araucanians, and for this purpose he concocted a story to account for the visit.

It seems that, many years ago, during the war of independence, a Spaniard named Vega had fought on the side of the Indians, and had become a great favorite with Mañin. In course of time Vega returned to Concepcion, took to himself a wife, and reared up a family. Though thirty years had elapsed, the old Indian cherished a friendly recollection of his pale-faced comrade, and whenever Chilean traders entered his dominions, never failed to make minute inquiries as to his welfare. As the two old men could never hope to meet in person, Mañin was extremely anxious to receive a visit from the son of his ancient friend.

Sanchez thereupon determined that our Yankee Lieutenant Smith should make his entry into the Araucanian country in the character of Don Eduardo de la Vega, the son of Mañin's old comrade; and for fear that his foreign aspect might betray him, it was to be given out that he had just returned from England, whither he had been sent when a child to receive an education.

Our Lieutenant stoutly objected to this nice scheme, and preferred to appear in his true character. But Don Panta assured him that this

was out of the question. The Indians could never be made to understand why a man should visit their country from curiosity. Unless he appeared as a trader, or in some other plausible character, they would be convinced that he was a spy, and would turn him back without hesitation. The Vega scheme was the only practicable one, and if he would not consent to that, Don Pantalón would have nothing to do with the affair. As for the Lieutenant's scruples about deceiving the confiding Mañin, they were summarily disposed of by the Don. The Indians, he said, were themselves arrant liars, and would have no just grounds of complaint at being paid off in their own coin.

The Lieutenant was forced to yield. He laid in a stock of articles for presents to the friends he was about to meet. They were not very valuable. A half dozen yards of red and blue flannel, a half gross of gay cotton handkerchiefs, a few pounds of glass beads, a quantity of indigo, some dozens of harmonicons and Jews' harps, comprised the whole stock intended for general distribution. Besides these there were a pair of old epanlets, which had already seen service in the Chilian wars. These were set apart to grace the illustrious shoulders of the great Mañin himself.

Don Pantalón, who was bent on profit, scraped together a quantity of articles for trade of considerably more intrinsic value. There were massive silver spurs, of the solid workmanship prized by the Indians, and a good supply of hard dollars in case they should be disinclined to barter. They have learned caution in their dealings with the traders, and it is no easy matter to pass off light or counterfeit money upon

them. Not satisfied with tasting and smelling of the coin, a wary old chief will be provided with a pair of balances, with which to weigh each dollar, using one which he knows to be of full weight as the standard. Keen traders as they are, they sometimes outwit themselves in their eagerness to make a good bargain. On one occasion six dollars was demanded of Don Pantalón for a poncho worth but a dollar. The Don made no objection to the price; but when he came to make payment he quietly measured out six spoonfuls of indigo, at a dollar each. As the value of the article was but about seventy-five cents, the trader certainly had the best of the transaction.

All preliminaries being arranged, the party set out, and soon found themselves in the territory of the renowned Araucanians. The petty chiefs are very strict in exacting a present as payment for the privilege of passing through their dominions. This is, however, far from exorbitant. A sixpenny Jews' harp or a flaming cotton handkerchief was found to be amply sufficient. An English traveler, a while ago, determined to resist what he deemed an unjust requisition, and attempted to pass on without compliance. The chief persisted in his demand, and gave a blast upon his horn. Answering notes rung from all sides; the Indians poured down like the Gaels at the summons of Rhoderick Dhu; there was a rush of horsemen and a brandishing of lances from every direction. The traveler handled his pistols, and the Indians couched their spears. The guide, in terror, besought him to give something, even though it were only a handkerchief. The sturdy Briton was struck with the folly of risking life for such



TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

a trifle, and in the munificence of his heart presented the chief with a jack-knife. Peace was at once made. The Caçique, overwhelmed by such unexpected liberality, swore eternal friendship to his benefactor, and insisted upon sending a guard of honor to conduct him several miles upon his way.

One night our travelers drew rein before the hut of a chief, a particular friend of Don Panta, who rejoiced in the appellation of Chancay-Hueno, or "The Island of Heaven." His house was a rather good specimen of the abode of an Araucanian gentleman of the better class. It was built of cane, and was some thirty by fifteen feet in dimensions. A hole in the thatched roof served the double purpose of chimney and window. In two corners stood wide hide-covered bedsteads, above which hung the finery of the household—heavy silver spurs, and feminine apparel in considerable profusion. Close by were two long lances, ready for use, though their rusted heads betokened that they had seen no recent service. The floor was littered up with domestic utensils, and from the rafters overhead depended ears of maize, joints of meat, strips of dried pumpkin, strings of red pepper, and other esculents.

Unlike the majority of his countrymen, whose domestic arrangements savor strongly of the tastes of the disciples of Joe Smith, "The Island" had but a single wife. Next morning she came out in all her finery to do honor to her guests. She seemed especially to pride herself upon the new coat of paint upon her face. Red and black are the *mode* in Araucania. The red is laid on in a broad belt across the face from ear to ear, the lower edge, upon the cheek and down the tip of the nose, being delicately shaded and scalloped with black. The dress consists of a couple of blankets, one of which is wrapped around the body, leaving the arms quite as bare as those of a belle at a fashion-



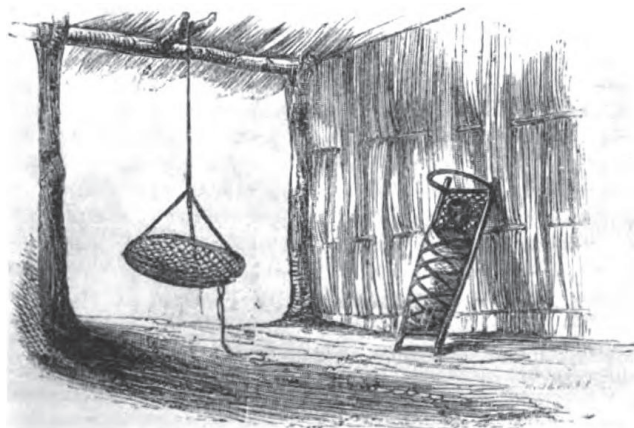
WOMAN OF ARAUCANIA.

able party. The other blanket is thrown over the shoulders, and secured in front with a pin, whose silver head might serve for a dinner-plate. Heavy anklets, bracelets, and ear-rings, are the principal articles of jewelry. The head-dresses present a considerable variety. "A very *recherché*" one, to imitate the phraseology of our "Fashionable Editor," is composed of beads, wrought in fanciful patterns, falling low over the forehead, finished behind by strings of brass thimbles, forming a sort of fringe.

A bright-eyed, bullet-headed youngster, who was playing about, was a namesake of Don Panta. His sister bore the name, at once musical and poetical, of Elynac—"The Oak that buds in the Spring." Our traveler tried hard to ingratiate himself with her, but she had unluckily seen him take off his hat, which she had evidently supposed to be an integral part of his person, and was affected in much the same way that a European child would have been at seeing a man coolly unscrewing his head. She

made up her mind that there was something uncanny about the stranger, and kept at a wary distance. Besides, there was a papoose, who passed the greater part of the day strapped up in a frame so tightly that his black eyes seemed the only movable thing about him. In spite of his close confinement he seemed to enjoy himself hugely, and never took it into his head to make any outcry. He was certainly a model-baby.

At length our traveler approached the great Mañin. The royal residence was much like the house of "The Island," except that it was much larger. In front of it was an immense shed, which



PAPOOSE AND CRADLE.

served as a council-hall. Along one side was a divan of rough planks, spread with sheepskins, and covered with ponchos. The back was composed of a huge log, running its whole length. Upon this seat of honor reclined the mighty Mañin-Hueno—"The Grass of Heaven;" or, as the Chilians call him, *Mañin-Bueno*—"Mañin the Good." He had long passed the allotted threescore years and ten of human life. Indeed, if accounts are reliable, his years approached a hundred. He might, however, have passed very well for a man of sixty, for his long hair, once as black as jet, was but slightly sprinkled with gray, and his form was still erect. His massive chin betokened a strong and commanding will, and he spoke in the grave and measured tones of one who felt that his will was law. His dress hardly befitted his rank. His shirt appeared to have been worn for months without having been washed. This, a ragged military vest, a poncho tied about the waist, and a gaudy handkerchief upon his head, comprised his whole costume. In fact, though powerful, he was a poor chief. A sort of Indian Cincinnatus, depending for subsistence mainly upon the voluntary offerings of his subjects.

"I bring you the son of your old friend Vega," said Don Panta, pointing to the *soi-disant* Don Eduardo.

"Vega!" exclaimed the Araucanian, pressing the hand of the stranger to his heart with an affectionate warmth that gave the pretender some compunctions of conscience, which were not a little augmented by the fear that, if detected, he might pay dearly for the deception.

By-and-by the baggage was opened, and it was soon discovered that the presents were about to be distributed. The whole family of the chief made their appearance near the shed, though none entered until specially summoned by name. The old chief evidently kept his household in good subjection. His eight wives were first called, and each received an ounce of indigo, a string of beads, and a dozen brass thimbles. One, who claimed a double portion on account of being a Christian, had the claim allowed. She had been captured from the whites when a child. Next came the children, some twenty in number, two or three of them infants at the breast. To each of them was given a Jew's harp, a string of beads, and a cotton handkerchief. But the crowning part of the ceremony was the presentation of the epaulets, accompanied by a courtly harangue. The chief tried in vain to maintain his equanimity upon the reception of this gift, so far beyond his expectations. But Nature would have its way. He sorely regretted that he had not a coat worthy of being worn with them.

The heart of the chief was won, and he at once proposed to adopt the son of his old friend as one of his own children, giving to him the name of *Namcu-Lauquen*—"The Eaglet of the Sea." As the adopted son of their great chief, he had now full opportunity of going where he

pleased in the Araucanian country without exciting suspicion.

In honor of his visitor Mañin now assumed his garments of state. The change from his ordinary attire consisted simply in discarding his shirt, and assuming in its place a tattered military coat, profusely embroidered with gold. It had a high-standing collar, and according to the conception of the artist who fabricated it, should have been buttoned to the throat; but the chief studied comfort, and wore it open in front, displaying his naked breast and abdomen.

According to Araucanian ideas it is always necessary to make a present in return for one received. So when the Lieutenant was about to set out on a tour of observation, the wives of Mañin flocked around, each with something to contribute to the comfort of the journey. One brought boiled eggs, another a fowl, another toasted wheat. They presented them, naming, at the same time, the gift in return for which they were offered:

"To my son you gave a handkerchief; he sends you these eggs." "To my daughter you gave beads; accept this wheat in her name;" and so on.

This toasted wheat, pounded into flour, and mixed with water, is the standing article of diet among the Araucanians; and our traveler found it nowise unpalatable. Their favorite beverage is *mudai*; this also is not unpleasant to the taste—at least until after one has seen its preparation. The Lieutenant had partaken of it many a time with much gusto, asking no questions as to its composition. But he was doomed to be enlightened.

One day one of the women of the household brought out a dish of meal, slightly moistened, and a small earthen jug. One after another all the females present, from the youngest children to the toothless old crones, approached, and each taking a handful of meal, stuffed it into her mouth. In a few minutes all were chewing away, with their cheeks distended to their utmost capacity. Soon they came up to the jug, one by one, and having deposited therein the contents of their mouths, replaced them by another handful of meal. This operation was kept up for some time.

The curiosity of our traveler was aroused.

"What is that?" he inquired of one of the operators, pointing to the jug.

"Mudai," was the reply; and noticing the astonishment of her interrogator, she added: "Good! good!"

It was even so, as further inquiries confirmed. The pleasant compound whose preparation he had been watching, was an essential ingredient in the mudai which he had been drinking for a month with so much delectation. A quantity of wheat is boiled over a fire, and to it a jugful of the masticated and salivated flour is added to induce rapid fermentation. As soon as this sets in the mudai is considered fit for use. It is hardly necessary to

add that our author's estimate of the potability of mudai was considerably changed after this.

In their intercourse with each other and with strangers, the Araucanians outdo even the Spaniards in formal courtesy. Before the doors of their huts a cross-bar is placed, and etiquette demands that the visitor shall pause ceremoniously before it, until he receives a formal invitation to enter. The master of the house no sooner perceives the approach of the visitor than he advances and bids him a hundred welcomes. Entering the hut, they seat themselves, and a grave and formal colloquy ensues.

If the guest is a stranger, the host remarks, "I don't know you, brother;" whereupon the guest announces his name and residence, and enters into a minute inquiry as to the general health of his respected host, that of his wives, his children, the state of the crop, and the condition of his flocks and herds, the news of the neighborhood, and such like matters.

If the responses are favorable he expresses his gratification, and moralizes upon the inestimable advantages of good health and good fellowship among neighbors. But if the answers are unfavorable he is equally profuse in his condolence, and exhausts his stock of philosophy in consoling his host.

When the guest has finished it is the host's turn, and a similar scene ensues, the interlocutors changing parts. All this interchange of greetings is carried on in a sing-song tone, as though the parties were repeating their parts by rote. It is very like the formal "compliments of the season" at a New Year's reception, only it lasts for a quarter of an hour or more, instead of but for a few moments: when the duties of politeness are thus fairly discharged, conversation is commenced in a natural manner.

Their courtships are conducted in a rather peremptory fashion. When a young Araucanian makes up his mind to change his condition, he lays the matter before his friends, who make up a contribution to furnish him with an outfit. Some moonlight night the whole party proceed to the residence of the father of the intended bride. Half a dozen of them enter, and explain the object of their coming; set forth the merits of the aspirant, and ask the paternal consent. This is rarely refused. Meanwhile the lover seeks out the sleeping place of the girl, in order to press his suit. She considers it her duty to scream out, and all the females in the hut rush



MAKING MUDAI.

to protect her, armed with such weapons as come to hand, and a battle-royal ensues—the fair combatants striking without mercy. He who gets off without some serious proof of their prowess is a lucky man. The bride especially is held bound, in honor, to make a sturdy resistance to her wooer. But he finally succeeds in dragging her away, and placing her upon his horse, he dashes off to the woods. In a day or two the "happy couple" return from this hasty wedding-trip, and are henceforth recognized as man and wife.

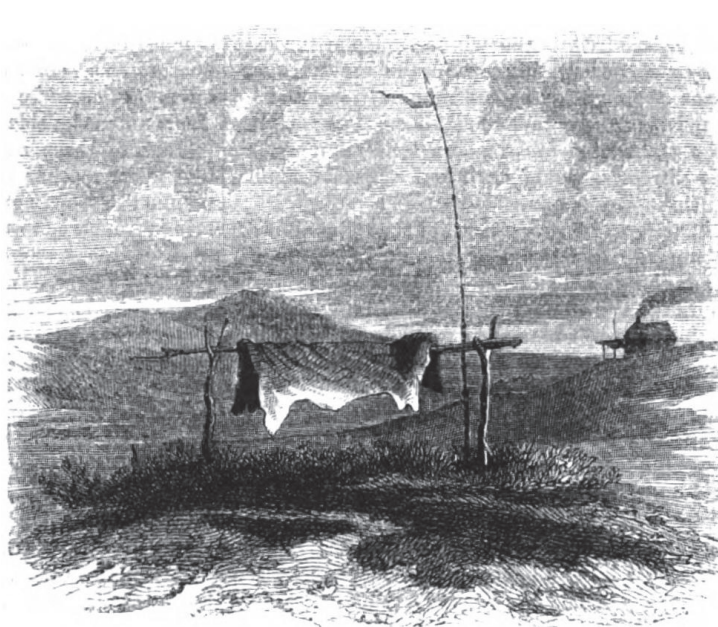
In a few days the friends call upon the bridegroom, bringing presents according to their ability or generosity. These are formally handed over to the bride's father, by whom they are considered as the price for the article he has lost. The mother of the bride must, however, appear dissatisfied, and manifest her indignation by turning the cold shoulder upon her son-in-law. The longer she persists in refusing to address him the better. Sometimes she persists for years in declining to speak to him face to face, though she will converse with him with her back turned, or when a fence or partition intervenes. The Araucanian mothers are not certainly liable to the charge of match-making sometimes brought against their civilized sisters.

If the wife becomes dissatisfied with her position, the husband may allow her to choose a mate more to her liking; but in such a case the second husband must pay to his predecessor the price which the lady cost. A widow becomes her own mistress, unless the husband have left grown-up sons by another wife, in which case she is considered a part of his estate, and is looked upon as their common concubine.

It is no easy matter to say what is the religion of the Araucanians. Ercilla, notwithstanding the many heroic qualities which he ascribes to them, dismisses the matter by saying that they

are a people "without God or religion, but subject to the devil." Still they have many superstitions. They offer sacrifices, and pour out libations, but apparently with a confused idea as to the objects of these ceremonies. They believe in a future state, though they trouble themselves little with speculations about it. When interrogated, their reply is, "*Chuno pichy nai*"—"Who knows?" which, like the Spanish "*Quien sabe?*" expresses not merely ignorance, but perfect indifference.

Their dead are interred in a sitting posture. By the side of the corpse are placed his saddle and arms; though not unfrequently, if these are valuable, they are replaced by cheap substitutes. Provisions for the long journey, and money to pay his ferriage into the Silent Land, are added, and the friends wish him a pleasant transit. His favorite horse is slain, a grand feast made of the flesh, and the skin is hung, like an awning, over the grave, at the head of which the long lance of the deceased is planted, with its pennon waving in the breeze. His spirit is still supposed to hover over his former abode, and to guard his native land. When the storm-clouds sweep along the distant



INDIAN GRAVE.

Cordilleras, the Araucanians believe them to be the spirits of their departed friends doing fierce battle against invisible foes, and encourage them with shouts of approval.

Like many other savages, the Araucanians are inveterate gamblers. Their favorite game is a species of dice played with beans, marked on one side. A poncho is placed upon the ground, upon which they squat themselves. The beans are shaken in the hand, and flung down, the parties playing alternately. The spots



ARAUCANIANS GAMBLING.

turned up are counted, and the player who first gets a hundred is the winner. Upon the cast they stake every thing; and the gravest questions of policy are not unfrequently decided by a throw of these inartificial dice. The warning to abstain from *beans*, given by Pythagoras to his disciples, would have had a special significance in Araucania.

The form of government of the "Republic of Araucania" has probably undergone little change since the days of Pizarro. The chiefs are little more than the heads of families, and the obligations of their clansmen to them are far from onerous. They are judges and arbiters in all disputes, and there is no appeal from their authority. But they claim no tribute, except what is voluntarily given, and demand no service. The land of each clan belongs to the whole body, occupation alone giving any special right in it to any individual. The chief only can give any person not belonging to the clan any claim upon it. The old jealousy of the whites, the result of years of conflict, still remains. They are as little willing as ever to resign their independence; and it has been long considered an offense worthy of death for any one to dispose of lands to their pale-faced enemies, of whose very presence they are apprehensive. From the same motive they refuse permission to missionaries to settle among them, knowing that if the whites gain a footing upon any pretense, pretexts for depriving them of their lands will not be wanting.

From the various chiefs, who are all of equal rank, one is selected in each division of the nation, who is called the Toqui, or Head. These Toquis form the Council who in time of peace constitute the supreme government. This Council is presided over by one of its own members, who is styled the Grand Toqui, whose general business is to watch over the affairs of the commonwealth, and provide for special emergencies. For more than a score of years this post has been held by Manin, who by his wisdom has acquired almost unlimited authority.

In time of war the functions of this regular Council cease, its place being taken by a Council of War, presided over by a War Toqui, with unlimited authority. As soon as the war is concluded the functions of this Dictator cease, and the Council of Peace resumes its authority.

It is certainly not a little remarkable to find so complicated a system of government existing among a people so rude as the Araucanians; a system too, which, though indigenous with them, bears in many points a striking analogy to those republican forms which have been slowly elaborated by civilized races.

Though accurate investigation has stripped away much of the romance which has clung around the story of the "indomitable Araucanians," enough yet remains to render their existence and institutions in many respects one of the most singular phenomena; and to give rise to curious speculations as to their future prospects. Chili now begins to feel the awakenin-

influence of the Anglo-American race. The indolence of the descendants of its Spanish conquerors must soon be replaced by the bustling energy of a more strenuous race. Will the Araucanians be able to maintain their existence in face of these new influences? or are they, like all the other red races of this continent, doomed to speedy extinction? A few years will bring an answer to these questions.

